I am myself jealous for the honour of Tahiti, which, I hold, has to offer all of Moorea and more— jealous, for so many tourists scarce get beyond Papeete, but take the schooner to Moorea, find easy provision of all island delights, and say that Tahiti cannot equal them. But the proper function of Moorea is doubtless that of providing a lovely view for Tahiti, and all along this western coast we shall glimpse her again and again, fantastic and mirage-like in the sunlight, unearthly in the radiance of the moon, dark, aloof and a mystery as the sun dies behind her.

At your feet is a shallow bay and every imaginable shade of blue and grey will be painted on the water there. The coconuts crowd down to the water's edge in serried ranks, not stragglers but battalions. You can make up your mind about coconuts here. The leaders fly banners and streamers in the wind, and the rest sway and

rustle and rock themselves in it. Yellow-green
and brown they are, and brown the clustering nuts.
There are islands where all that the earth has to
give are coconuts, and they suffice—or sufficed—
for timber, roofing, table and kitchen utensils,
food, drink and money. For beauty too, for of